Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. Ifaith you are too blame.
Oth. Zouns. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Des. I ne're saw this before:
Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.
Enter Iago *and* Cassio.
Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And

And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.
Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em He went hence but now,
And certainely in strange vnquietnesse.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Desd. I preethee do so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatcht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so: for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindenesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had suborned the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.